HONOR TO THEIR NAMES.

WOMEN REFORMERS AND PHILAN-THROPISTS OF FRANCE.

Theodere Stauton Writes Entertainingly of Maria Deraismes, Mme. Emile de Morsler, Isabelle Bogelot, Mme. Griess-Trant and Others.

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MME MARIA DERAISMES Pares, April 26 .- In this letter I propose giving your readers some little account of a few of the chief women reformers and philanthropists of France, a numerous and noble body who will bear comparison with the radical and charitable women of even the United States, where these two classes abound.

Perhaps the most interesting, and certainly one of the ablest, of the French female reformers is Maria Deraismes. She is an excellent and witty speaker and endowed with much oratorical power. Tall, with a large, commanding figure, a fine expressive face and a strong voice, Maria Deraismes "thinks on her feet" in a manner surpassed by few men. I have heard her at banquet tables, in public halls, on the lecture platform and in drawing rooms, and on every occasion she has proved herself to be a ready, eloquent and charming speaker.

But Maria Deraismes is not simply an orator. She is a clever writer, an energetic journalist, an enthusiastic Mason and a painter. The walls of her handsome apartments, where she lives with a widow sister who adores her, Mme. Feresse-Derainnes, are adorned with portraits and landscapes in oil, painted in her early womanbood and youth. More than one newspaper contains trenchant articles from her pen, and she has pre-



lodge of Le Pecq, the little town near Paris where the latest Rembrandt was recently found.

The next ablest female orator, if not the equal of Maria Deraismes, is Mme. in correspondence with many leading each other? female reformers both in the United States and England. One of her best friends is M. Yves Guyot, minister of public works, a man of broad views on all subjects, who, since he has been in office, has aided Mme. de Morsier in many ways in her efforts to advance her various reform enterprises.

Last summer there were two international women's congresses held in this city, one with Muse. Maria Deraismes as the prime mover, and the other with Mms. de Morsier at the head. Through the good offices of M. Yves Guvot, Mme. de Morsier's congress was taken under government patronage, and, for the first time probably in the history of the world, a great government gave an official stamp to a congress devoted exclusively to the interests of women. Mme, de Morsier was very proud of this result, and with good reason, for it made an impression ere and has alrendy done much good.

After Mme. de Morsier, the most active member of this congress was Mme.



MME. ISABELLE BOGELOT.

philanthropic lady who represented France at the international woman's ingress held in Washington in 1888. Mme. Bogelot devotes her energies espe rially to the amelioration of the condilion of female prisoners, and is the president of an important society whose aim

St. Lazare female prison in this city. Mine, Bogelot returned from the United States delighted with all she saw and astonished at the way in which Ameritau women manage their own affairs and perform so many the duties supposed here in France to be the exclusive privilego of men. Many of the admirable features of last summon's congress were surposted by what | Epoch

Mme. Bögelot saw at Washington, and she never wearies in singing the praises of American women to her French sis

Among the many peace reformers should be mentioned Mme. Griess-Traut, an Alsatian by birth, who has known personally many of the radical English women and who reads English with perfect ease and can speak it with consider able facility. She is a subscriber to several of the English and American women's journals and keeps her French co-workers informed of what steps of progress are being made in the Anglo-Saxon world. Mme. Griess-Traut is a delightful old lady who keeps actively to the fore in all that concerns her sex. Her husband, who died a few years ago, seconded all his wife's efforts and worked hand in hand with her in all their reform labors. His death was a grievous loss to her, but has not lessened her ardor in the various movements in which they were both so deeply interested.

Another indefatigable reformer is Mme. Louise Koppe, editor of a little monthly called La Femme et l'Enfant. Her chief efforts are directed towards extending the rights of married women and protecting children from cruel parents, and in improving the laws concerning boys and girls in the mines and factories and in guarding girls from the pitfalls which surround them.

Mine. Pauline Kergomard has done much good work in this department of philanthropy. She is the founder, and was for a long time the soul of an admirable society for the protection of children. Mme. Kergomard is related to the famous Reclus family, and has when they are red hot they are taken out much influence in official circles, from the fact that she is a member-the only woman, in fact-of the Superior Council of Public Instruction, a body much resembling the New York State Board of avoided as much as possible, or a spotty Regents. Her election to this council was a great victory for the advocates of roman's progress, and Mme. Kergomard has shown herself an able and useful member of this important educational body, which counts among its members some of the most celebrated savants of

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS Which Tell More Fibs to the Other, Husbands or Wives?

Some gentlemen had a discussion at their club the other night about the white lies it is necessary for a busband to tell his wife. All agreed that such lies were necessary to make the domestic wheels run smoethly. Women, they said, could never be made to see things from a man's standpoint. Little matters that were nothing at all to a man became crimes in the eyes of a woman; therefore it was necessary for a man to sided over an excellent journal as editor—lie to his wife occasionally. This set me in-chief. She is perhaps the only female—to wondering which lied to the other lie to his wife occasionally. This set me Mason in France, being a member of the more, husbands or wives. Looking at the matter from behind the scenes on our side, I should say it was about even. I believe wives tell their husbands quite as many falsehoods as husbands tell them, but about far different things, Women deceive their husbands mostly in money matters or in things which concern their family affections. If a wife is held to a strict account for the money she spends, when she wants more than a certain sum she tells the bread winner it is for groceries or a dressmaking bill. Then she takes it and makes a present to her dear mother, whom the rusband hates, or pays a gambling debt for her brother, or gives it to her grown son or daughter to spend in extravagance Sometimes she sponds it for the church or her pastor. But she always gets the money somehow, and if she is afraid of her husband it goes down to expense accounts, which appear wholly open and innocent. A wife always deceives her husband where she is afraid of him. Yes, the falsehoods are about even on both sides. But is it not rather unfor-Emile de Morsier, Swiss by birth, who tunate that those who are supposed to speaks English with great case and who be all in all to each other dare not trus-

At a meeting of the London trades union councils in London in April a woman was present as a delegate for the first time in the history of the organization. The lady was Mrs. Hicks, representing a ropemaker's union.

Mrs. Juliet V. Stranss is a promisiand talented young woman on the edi-torial staff of The Rockville (Ind.) Tribune. She swings a victorous pen and speaks her mind about things. Writing about how election day looks to a woman, she remarks: "If a weman could only dispense with her politics and take a perfectly impartial view of candidates and elections, she would get so much more good out of them than by taking sides and allowing herself to get riled up over results. The actions of men on such occasions are enough to make a cow laugh, and the woman who does not at least smile at them is devoid of a proper sense of humor."

I don't know what it proves, or wheth-Isabelle Bogelot, the intelligent and er it proves anything, but dentists say that women endure pain with far more pluck than men display. Men how! aloud with the pain the dentist inflicts. while women endure it with silent suf-

Belva Lockwood has a law practice that brings her in more money than a congressman's salary; has property in Washington worth \$20,000, and a country place worth \$5,000, all acquired in a comparatively short time from her legal business. This is more than she would have had if she had stuck to school teaching.

Eliza Archard Comer

The Last Resort.

Jockey-I've trained all I know how, and I'm still four pounds over weight. Horse Owner-It looks as though you'd have to take a both after all.-Munsey's

A Eare Frenk. Countryman (in dime museum)-Say, oub, what sort of a curiosity be you? Freak-I'm the boy what never whis tles. - Texas Siftings.

No Change. Swigger--Gentleman's dress remains about the same this year, doesn't it? Twigger-Mine does.-Clothier and

A Cash Inducement. Smilax-So Wantrox didn't marry for besuty? Brodix-No: he married for booty .-

New York Weekly.

PRETTY POKER PICTURES WALT WHITMAN'S HOME.

LAURA B. STARR WRITES OF A MOST DELIGHTFUL ART.

It Will Be Found Best to Do This Work on an Easel-Two Tasteful Designs. Some Detailed Instruction for Those

It is far more comfortable to do poker ctures on an easel steadily fixed and a maul stick than on a table, for the fumes of the burning wood or leather will be found, sometimes, to be very painful to farewell?

After the outlines are sketched and the



LEATHER PORTFOLIO WITH BURNED IN DE-

SIGN. lights and shadows settled, the irons should be placed in a good cinder fire; and all the darkest parts burned in, the lighter shading being worked as the irons cool. The drawing should be stumped in as in a chalk head, and lines effect is produced.

If a head, size 14 by 12 inches, is being done it will take about two hours to roughly shade it in; after that the details, such as the eyebrows, nostrils and mouth, may be worked in by sharp touches with the smaller irons. Now the back ground must be burned in with the poker and an appropriate tool, working toward the outline until it stands out in full relief. This is a tedious process and takes several hours before it looks a dark brown even color, which is only obtained by rubbing the poker constantly over the inequalities,

The artist must have nationce and not be easily discouraged, even though the picture looks a confused mass for the first few hours, which it is sure to do, until the high lights are scratched on with a penknife, when a good effect is at once produced.

The penknife is quite as important a factor as the tron: by it any irregularities of outline are corrected and the extravagantly peaked by the few, he has high lights and gradations of tone ob-tained. It will also be found invaluable him from the storm, nor cast it aside befor working hair and fur. It must be clearly borne in mind that this work is a rough art, and looks best when so treated; consequently the panels should not be placed too near the eye.

A very effective frieze may be made for a library by using a series of portraits of prominent literary men of the day, burned in on sycumore panels and varbers or dining rooms, in fact, any room ness decorating with one's favorite motto, was the house of the "good gray poet. simpler than the pictures, and the novice will do well to attempt this first. A variety is obtained by the shading and size and kind of lettering.

The portfolio for stationery is made of

stiff brown leather and tied with thongs about me.
of lighter leather: the leaves of blotting about me. "Don't mind Homer," she added; "he's



LEATHER BLOTTING PAD WITH BURNED IN

same. The design and quotation, "A over night for the slaughter of time." are burned in after the directions given. him with all the henors." blotter which goes with it is done in the same way. The leather is not sus. minutes." ceptible to the same amount of work as the wood, and it would be well to experiment a little before beginning a large piece.

In decorating a room which requires a quantity of bordering or a repetition of geometrical or other designs the work may be greatly facilitated by the use of stencil plates cut in zinc; these should be nailed to the wood and the hot poker run over the openings. Great care must be exercised to keep the poker within the lines, so as not to melt the zinc.

A round piece, piano stool or top of a table might be pokered with a zigzag border round the edge, burning the ground dark from the outside to the zigzags and filling the center with some

radiating pattern. A strip bearing an invocation to sleep might be pokered and hung above one's bed. Indeed the worker who attains any proficiency whatever in the art will find an endless variety of uses to which it may be dedicated.

LAURA B. STARR.

The Federation of Women's Clubs at its formal organization in New York deliterary, artistic or scientific culture greatersy chair and tendering me courteous bood of societies. At the same time the my mission and told him that an admirer broadly human movements" may be was anxious to furnish him easy employ recognized. Organizations with purely skin flushed, the eloquent gray-blue eyes educational, industrial or philanthropic loss a little of their luster.

aims will be not admitted. In adopting their constitution and conducting their Whitman theaks him. These are all had sessions of several days the Federation days now, but when they are only half bad of Women's Clubs showed a knowledge of parliamentary usage that would have a pause—"it means that I shall be glad to done credit to any assembly. The women's club has been a wonderful educator of women.

Reparter. "Your account has been standing a

ong time, Mr. Dukey." Then give it a seat, my dear Shears. "Very glad to, sir, Shall we make it a re-ceipt?"-Harper's Bazar.

American History. Tearlier - Want to the World's fair at Chicago, Ills., in 1853, to commemorates the interior department by Secretary Class-Th' discovery of th West Indies by Christopher Columbus in 1492. -

A VISIT TO THE HUMBLE DWELL-ING OF THE "GOOD GRAY POET."

The Aged Glorifler of America Sends Greeting to "the Boys"-The Surroundings of the Man Who Has Worked and Suffered Much.

Copyright, 1890, by American Press Association. "Give my regards to all the boys in New York city, and don't forget it. This remark, untered in full rich tones, was accompanied by a hearty hand clasp. Who was the person to voice this cheery

It was not a prosperous merchant self sufficient in the pride of success, or a gay young fellow about town at peace with all the world because of inherited millions, but a poorly clad old man chained by disease to his chair in a dingy room, surrounded with no luxuries and few comforts-an ancient sage with kingly countenance, benignant eye and a heart still full of hope and love of humanity, despite the buffets, the disappointments and the ser rows of three score years.

It was Walt Whitman. Poole's "Index of Periodical Literature" contains reference to over twenty articles published in the leading magazines of Europe and America relative to this man and his work. He is accorded the same cognition as a poet that is given to Wagner as a composer, yet, less fortunate than the author of "Parsifal," he has had no "mad monarch" to recognize his genius and force for him a hearing. Instead, he has trod alone, but undaunted, the thorny path of individuality, and now, with serene ndifference to environment, gazes fearless y out toward the shoreless sea on which he must soon emberk



It is not given to many men to preserve through unvarying seasons of popular misapprehension the optimistic temperament and faith in his kind that characterize Walt cause of the noonday sun's fierce heat, but has walked forward undismayed along his appointed course, praising homanity, glori-fying America, confident in the future of bis race. As a result he has two constant

friends. They are:

A woman and a dog. I hope never again to experience such a shock as I did the other afternoon on reaching 328 Mickle street, Camdon, N. J. I had read of Walt Whitman's "comfortable but nished. For a smoking room grotesque modest home" and was unprepared for the figures may be burned in, while cham-reality. Only on the testimouy of two witbers or dining rooms, in fact, any room nesses—a passer by and the door plate—may be made individual by appropriately could I bring myself to believe that this legend or quotation, on panels, spaces needs paint on its weather beaten boards; above the windows, above a bookcase or door, wherever there is room for the lettering. This form of decoration is far simpler than the nightness, and the novice such states of the dingy windows; but more than all it needs condemnation and destruction at the hands of the city sufficient than the nightness and the novice

paper are also tied in with thongs of the harmless, and Mr. Whitman's favorite companion. Whys Because he doesn't bother him with silly questions, I think " Homer and I cutered the parior, and the scramulously next but attechy cheerless with photographs and testimonials; a floor nearly bare; a base of hereic size in the cor-nor, and not a bit of furniture worth a place in a chesp auction room. A picture of a noted English actor bore the inscrip-tion, "I place my hand in thine-Wilson Barrett," while the bare boards under foot seemed to say: "Here lives one whose lat same. The design and quotation, "A ter days resemble those of Brinsley Sheri letter may after the plans we arranged dan. Now the world rushes by unaccding



THE POET'S HOME IN CAMBIEN In response to the announcement felimb-ed a narrow stnirway to an upper room. The Federation of Women's Clubs at for an instant the Pressure within dominated everything. I beheld nothing save the man with the lecaine head, seated in a welcome. I went directly to one object of

The do the work if I can."

erful Was there not another meaning, also, te

that broken sentence? I thought so as I looked at the great table piled high with books and papers, at the hard bed and un-inviting lounge, at the windows through which no waving tree or nodding flower smiled welcome to their life long friend, at the man himself, royal and self respecting, a diamond set in dress, but shining with greater brilliance because of the mean sur-

We talked of "Leaves of Grass," the book which secured Whitman's discharge from les and goinel him the friendship of Ten-nyson, and of the days when its author nursed the soldier hers. "Inevermaniel." he still. "for in them of a lable tature may with poetry. Here," he continued, changing the subject, "is my message to the young authors: Employ not evil for its own sake. Make it a feel for purity."

I told him of passages in his writings which I admired and referred particularly to "My Captain," that eloquent lament that marks the martyriom of Lincoln like a monument. I quoted:

Exult, oh! shore, and ring, oh! bells; But I, with mournful trend, Walk the deck; my captain lies Fallen, cold and dead.

"I'm glad you fancy that," he said "I thank you for your appreci-Not a word of self praise; not a syllable of

self depreciation; a simple proud humility in the acknowledgment of pleasure that his printed thoughts were remembered by a

I had outstayed the moments to which I was pledged to limit my visit. I rose to go, and our hands met in friendly farewell. "Stay," he exclaimed. "Do you care for this?" and he wrote with firm stroke the

"the boys in New York," and we parted. At the foot of the stairs stood the two faithful watchers. The dog bounded up the steps; with the woman I stopped to chat a moment. "You did right," she smiled sadly, "not to bother him with ques-

tions. He is over 70 now, and the years

bring their weight." Outside the sun shone, the birds sang and the boys played. Within the doors sat the uncomplaining patriarch who has chanted the might and glory of America, and yet-strange to say-has gained greater appliance and more practical sympathy beyond the seas than from the land he celebrated. Four years ago on this side the ocean the humorous papers were publishing Whitmanesque postry and laughing over "barbarie yawps." Simultaneously with their doing so the artists and literary men of England were getting a generous response throughout the length and breadth of the British isles to the appeal contained in this circular:
"Walt Whitman starving.

"A man's ransom wanted. The victim is in the hands of a relentless enemy, who, if the ransom be not speedily paid, will immediately make an end of him. Will his fellow men put forth a hand to keep one of the world's immortals a little longer here, or will they allow death to take him ere

April 14, 1887, Mr. Whitman lectured at the Madison Square theatre. New York, on Abraham Lincoln. The affair was managed by a number of prominent literary men, and the house was crowded. Yet, in order that the poet might go home with \$200 in his pocket, Rev. Robert Collyer added a handsome sum to the net proceeds of

Walt Whitman was born March 31, 1819. on Long Island. Despite the reverses of life he can look down today from the serene beights of philosophic solitude and send the world a message like this: Thanks in o'd age—thanks ero I go, For health, the midday sun, the impalpable air-

for life, mere life, For beings, groups, love, deeds, words, booksfor colors, forms.

For all the brave, strong men—devoted, hardy men—who we forward sprang in freedom's help, all years, all lands.

For braver, stronger, more devoted men-(a spe cial laurel ere I go to life's war's chosen

ones,
The cannoneers of song and thought—the great

tains of the soul;)
shier from an ended war return d—as traveler out of myriads, to the long procession Thanks-joyful thunks!-- a soldier's, traveler's

La Grippe a Cure for Insanity That la grippe's mysterious influence ex tends beyond the limits of the immediate illness is amply proven by the developments subsequent to the epidemic of last successor to influenza is la nona, a disease of which the prominent symptom is an almost irresistible desire to sleep. Unless this within three days the patient has small chance to live. On this side of the Atlantic the pranks played by la grippe are of a still more singular nature. Dr. Paine, of the more singular nature. Dr. Paine, of the Massachusetts State Hospital for the Insane, reports that seven lunatics afflicted with influence on recovering their physical health also regained their reason. of the seven," he continues, "would never have been same if the epidemic had passed off without entering the hospital." In con-

have been admitted of late whose madness

A Sign of Prosperity. A recent English publication cites as proof of the excellence of the crops in America for the last two harvests that dering the first quarter of 1850 Great Britain om the United States 11,665 live entile and 71,401 quarters of beef in excess ing period of 1800. Says the article referred A good crop means, of course, abundance of feeding stuff for benous and as a result a large number of castle are offered to us which otherwise would be kept at

The sartorial difficulties of a young man in Warsaw are worthy of note. lant. Pole was to marry, but the tailor did send home the wedding suit in time The lover would not present himself in old in and secured the prize. Now the unhappy bachelor is seeking solace in a suit for damages against the tailor whose negligence lost him a blooming bride,

A Snow Storm in London. London is having phenomenal weather. One day, at nearly the middle of April, snow began falling at 11 a. m. It was succeeded at noon by rain and hall, then sunshine and a cold and biting wind. would seem that lunatic freaks of the at mosphere are not confined to the American side of the big pond.

Interesting for Larkin. Jimmy Jaysmith (to caller)-Can you whistle, Mr. Larkin?

Larkin-Not very well, Jimmy. Why? "Well, I think you had better learn how, for pop told mamma last night von'd have to whistle for the \$100 he owes you."-Racket.

The Soil Theory. Grator-Yes, gentlemen and fellow citizens, the wealth of a country is in Old Hayseed in back seat)-Guess ye never tried farmin', did yel-New York

Mrs. Slimdiet-Pardon me, Mr. Dashaway, you are getting your coat sleeves in the soup.

water proof.-Clothier and Purnisher. "When I was a small boy," said De Binks, "everybody-said I had a great fu-

+ "And now?" Tive got it yet - Washington Stan.

Apparently It Brought Swift Disaster to Her Enemies.

THE MANHATTAN WELL MURDER.

A Miscarriage of Justice Followed by Fatality of Some Sort to Nearly All Those Responsible God's Vengeance Invoked by a Quakeress in Court.

(Copyright, 1890, by American Press Association.) An atrocious crime was committed in New York city the other evening. A printer named Jackson entered a saloon, cut the throat of the girl who loved him and had of a policeman and, cloaked by the darkness, escaped arrest. The woman died in a few moments. The man disappeared, leaving no clew behind, and it was days before the authorities obtained even an inkling to



THE SCENE OF THE MURDER. The taking of human life in any unlaw ful manner is naturally regarded as the greatest of all crimes. Others, that need not here be specified, are perhaps more re-volting and worthy of nearly as severe punishment, but murder stands out alone as the most hideous thing for which a person

can be held responsible Yet, strange to say, the full severity of the law is visited upon less than 25 per cent of the fiends who shed the blood of innocent victims. Some evade not only arrest, but even suspicion, others find the machinery of the courts exactly suited to their wishes for acquittal or a light sentence, and the few who reach the gallows are generally those whose guilt is coupled with unusually shocking details and whose pockets are not well filled enough to meet the demands of able but high priced coun-

Still it can hardly be said that the assassin who walks from a court room a free man, "vindiented" by a verdlet of not guilty, is beyond the reach of punishm There remains the sting of a guilty conscience; popular opinion may not be at one with the finding of the jury, and there is always the vague, haunting fear that a higher power will sooner or later rectify the error of a human tribunal. Catherine Ring believed thoroughly in the righteous vengeance of God when she stood up in the old city hall of New York late one night ninety years ago last spring, and, shaking her linger at the judges, the jury the de-fendant and the lawyers, cried with indignant fury: "I call upon the Almighty to curse you all, and he will do it."

Who was Catherine Hing, and what the occasion of her wrath? She was a Quaker woman, whose fair young relative had been murdered on the evening of the day she expected to bee The Rings, Elias and Catherine, lived on Greenwich street, near Franklin. With them resided their coasin, Gulfelma Elmore Sands, a beautiful girl just budding into womanhood. Elma, as she was preference to Levi Weekes, a wealthy builder and owner of the City hotel. How far she trusted to the honor of her be trothed will never be known, but one thing is certain, when he suggested a secret mar-riage she gladly assented, and Dec. 22, 1709, was set as the date for the ceremony Weekes insisted upon the most absolute privacy, but when the wedding morn ar-rived Elma coulded her prospects to her

The day seemed one long shrick of winearly night the frost king grew even more trast to this he mentions that four putients | swept about in blinding eddles. The wind, rushing down from the sound, howled over Manhattan Island, whole the pleroing cold trinity of the tempest. But when the clock on St. Paul's struck 8 and jingling sleigh bells coased their music before her door, Miss Sands bade her friends good-by and stepped out, confident of a speedy return as the wife of her lover. The watchers within waited her home coming, but they waited in vain. Three hours later Weekes entered-glone. What followed is best sold in the language Catherine Ring:

> upon him. His countenance was pale and Elma gone to bed!' I answered 'No: she has gone out. At least I saw her ready to go, and have good reason to think she went.' He said 'I am surprised she should go out so late at night and alone.' I replied. I have no reason to think she went



THE OLD CITT HALL. alone,' to which he made no reply, but looked carnest and thoughtful and leaned down his head on his hand. I continued: Indeed, Levi, to tell thee the truth, I believe she went with thee. She told me she was to, and I have good reason to think

Then Mrs. Bing declared that she was aware of the intended marriage, and Weekes burst outs "I'm ruined! I'm runed! I'm unders forever! Unless she appears to clear me my existence will be only

Day succeeded day without bringing race of the missing girl, until on Jan. 2. 1800, a systematic search begun same time previously, resulted in the discovery of lives Band's corpse in Manhatan well. This well steed in what was then the Liepenard meadows, and still exists as 80% n the soup.

Dashaway—The material, madam, is a carpenter abop. The body when found water proof.—Clothier and Purnisher. Greene street, although its uncommy depths dress—the poor thing's voiding gover-was torn open above the welst. There were bruises and scratches on the face and preset and the marks of encircling fingers add to columniate a cale started add tuods collar bone.

Naturally empirion attacked to first Western. He was indicted by the grand

jury, and his trial began March 31, 1830, in the old city hall, at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets. Chief Justice Lansing, Mayor Richard Varick and Recorder Rich-ard Harrison sat upon the bench. Cad-wallader D. Colden, assistant attorney general, represented the state. Alexander Hamilton, Brockholst Livingstone and Aaron Burr anneaned as counsel for Aaron Burr appeared as counsel for Weekes. It was proven that the prisoner had been assent from his brother's house with a borse and sleigh on the night of the murder between the hours of 8 and 2. The prosecution established the existence of sleigh and horse tracks, identical with those Weekes' outfit would have made, near the well, which stood some distance from the country road. In fact, what might be called a strong circumstantial case was made out against the accused.

Court sat continuously, and the speeches of counsel followed at once on the closing of the evidence. At \$500 on the morning of the third day of the trial Mr. Colden begged an adjournment, saving he was exhausted. His request being refused, he submitted his side without argument. Judge Lansing charged the jury that there was no evidence to warrant the conviction of the defendant, and an acquistal naturally followed at once. It was now twenty minutes of 3 in the morning. The fagged out participants in the long legal bettle were preparing to go home, when the solitary woman present swept forward. In her dress of gray she looked weird beneath the light of the flickering candles. To Hamilton, who had called the dead girl unchaste, she directed her first remark:
"If thee dies a natural doubl I shall think there is no justice in heaven." Then her pent up anger burst forth in a flame of fury against the rest, and while the awe struck throng stood silent and aghast she voiced that terrible appeal for vengeances "I call upon the Almighty to curse you

all, and he will do it."

The record of the subsequent years, so

Weekes, the day after his release, received a pressing invitation from a citizens committee to leave town and never come back. He departed, and on his journey southward was waylaid, killed and robbed Alexander Hamilton fell by the hand of Burr in a duel the details of which are

matters of history.

Aaron Burr lived to see his schemes of empire fail, and died a disgraced, neglected old man. Chief Justice Lansing left his botel one

day to take the Albany boat at the foot of Cortlandt street. He was never heard of

Even to this day, pinety years subscopent to the commission of the crime, the people residing in the vicinity of 80% Greene street avoid the location of the well after dark, Strange means and cries are often heard of whistling about the old carpenter shop, but



the neighbors assert that it is the ghost of Elma Sands revisiting the scene of the murder, and praying in agentsed accents for mercy at the hands of the man who betrayed and siew her. That Weekes was guilty was fully established only a few days after his bantakment from New York, Burr knew of the evidence, but had sup

The Easlest Way the Best A two hundred and fifty pound colored woman got into the Fifth averue stage and insisted on riding for nothing. Expeatulation did no good, so the driver called a pe-

emen to put her our.

policeman, looking at her from head to No. I'll die first. They should have given "But I am obliged to put you out if you don't pay your fare," said the policeman, rolling up his siseves.

"So you won't pay your fare?" said the

You Jee' try it," said the old lady, with The policeman took another look at the giantess, thought a moment, and then quietly dropped a nickel in the box. "I guess that is the emiest way to adjust this case," he said, as he went whistling along

Why Marriage Was a Failure. Mrs. Louisa Gingenback, of Yonkers, N. Y has seenred a separation from her has band Adolph Gingenback. The defendant had a designerable habit of gasking a saw not be broken of his on senfortable attach-

Rufned by Extravagant Living. Col. E. W. Davis, deputy sheriff of Essex and there is little prespect of his voluntary roturn. His accounts are many thousands of dollars short, and the news has brought

sought and obtained permission to live

sorrow to his friends and disgrace to his family. Davis is now 48 years old. He went into the war as a private and came out a major. His consheriff's office dates back to 1888 From that time his flight succeeding sheriffs - Republicans and Pemperata alikaretained him. His services were valued highly, and his salary was \$5,000 a year.

In Desputz. "No. Mr. Simkins, I regret it, but I cannot marry you." "Great Socrates" murmured the un-

The man's downfall is said to be due to ex-

pensive living.

fortunate. "What will I do?" "Do not take it so hard"-"it is not that," he wildly interrupted, but what will I do for a place to go Sunday nights?-Philadelphia Times.

Tramp-Will you have the kindness to take this coat of mine with you to the next village? Rider-Certainly; but how will you get it again?

Tramp-Oh, that is easy enough; if you have no objections I will remain in my cost.-Journal of Education. Why He Refused to Pay.

Collector (hotly)-You admit the debt. but refuse to pay the hill! What is your reason, sir, for this?

Boston Man (coldly)-It is not properly made out. You have used the word "balance" in the sense of "remainder" Tickfewell, show this person out .-